

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Vol. 1.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 3, 1868.

No. 6.

Our Dumb Animals.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month
BY THE

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals,

AT THE SOCIETY'S ROOMS,
46 Washington Street Boston.

TERMS. — \$1.00, in advance.

Postage in the city, FREE. To all parts of the United States, outside of Boston, TWELVE CENTS PER ANNUM for each package of four ounces, payable in advance, at the office where received.

Articles for the paper may be sent to the President. Subscriptions, to the Secretary or Agent.

GEORGE T. ANGELL President.
CEPHAS BRIGHAM Secretary.
J. W. DENNY Agent.
AMOS A. LAWRENCE Treasurer.

Special Notices.

We still want canvassers in all places not already occupied, and will make liberal terms. Write our Secretary inclosing certificate from some clergyman or other well-known person that you are suitable.

Schools, Sunday Schools, and all who wish to circulate the paper for the purpose of doing good, please write our Secretary, and we shall make the price satisfactory.

All contributions for our paper, articles original and selected, information and suggestions, should be sent to the President.

Our Law.

In answer to questions sometimes put, we would say that all Municipal and Police Courts and Trial Justices throughout the Commonwealth have full power to sentence to imprisonment in jail not exceeding one year, or fine not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars, or both such fine and imprisonment, and every citizen has just as much right, and is just as much in duty bound, to prosecute every violation of the law coming to his knowledge as we are; and in

fact, a large portion of the prosecutions already entered have been by persons outside of our Society. We are sorry to see that some of our magistrates have not yet come up to a right appreciation of their duty. In a case the other day where a valuable horse was driven to death, a trial justice in a neighboring county let off the guilty party with a fine of only fifty dollars and costs. The penalty in such a case should be imprisonment. It is not a right perception of humanity that would let off the murderer of a noble horse with a fine of fifty dollars. Our Legislature have fixed the highest penalty at a year's imprisonment and two hundred and fifty dollars fine. If the brutal driving of a horse to death does not merit the full penalty, what does? Unless the magistrate can find some crime more brutal, he must inflict something near the full penalty, or he is not faithfully administering the law.

Sins of Ignorance.

Very many of the sufferings of animals arise from ignorance and thoughtlessness. For instance. Every tight check-rein is a *perpetual* and *utterly useless* annoyance to a horse, calculated only to make him carry his head in an unnatural position. In many parts of Europe it is not used at all; in others passing out of use; yet hundreds of thousands of horses in our country are subjected every day to this cruelty by kind masters, to whom it has never occurred that the Creator knew better than they how the horse should carry his head, and has given to him just that which is best.

So in some parts of our country it has been for many years the custom of some of the best meaning men to bleed their calves almost to death, several days before butchering them, sometimes continuing these bleedings until the calves cannot stand, because they have never been told that the calves suffer by this treatment to such an extent as to render their meat innutritious and indigestible, and that intelligent physicians will not permit their patients to eat it.

In some parts of the country, people, very kind in other matters, are in the habit of plucking fowls alive, stripping turkeys of all their feathers before they are killed, &c.

Some farmers are in the habit of stripping their sheep of fleeces in cold winter weather, and sending them in this condition to market to suffer and freeze for days before they are butchered. We would not like to believe that these things are done understandingly. There are crimes such as starving or half-starving animals, cruelly beating and cruelly working old, sick and lame animals, keeping cattle without water for days and then letting them drink just before sale to increase their weight, keeping calves from their mothers for days and letting the cattle go unmilked, that their bags may look full, and buyers be cheated, together with the horrible cruelties in the transportation of animals, fearful alike to the animals and all who eat their flesh, that are not sins of ignorance, but simply devilish, and indicate a depth of depravity which will yield only to the strong arm of the law and an aroused public opinion. But we must believe that there is a large class of offences, the sins of ignorance and thoughtlessness, which "to be hated need but to be seen."

Cattle Cars.

Measures are now in progress to put on to our railroads specimen cars for the transportation of cattle, in which they can be regularly and properly fed, watered and rested. Every man who eats the flesh of animals has a vital interest in this subject. He may have no regard for the tortures inflicted on these poor creatures on almost every cattle train between here and Texas, but if he has regard for his own life and health, and for the lives and healths of others dear to him, who are daily feeding upon diseased meats, he ought to feel thankful to his Maker for every onward step towards the abolition of these horrible cruelties.

Slurs on Women.

At a recent dinner in this city, at which no ladies were present, a man, in responding to the toast, "Woman," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being in their surroundings.

At the conclusion of the speech, a gentleman present rose to his feet, and said:

"I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his *own* mother and sisters, not to *ours*."

The effect of this most just and timely rebuke was overwhelming; the maligner of women was covered with confusion and shame.

This incident serves an excellent purpose in pre-facing a few words on this subject.

Of all the evils prevalent among men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than the tendency to speak slightly of the virtue of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as in the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mothers and sisters, thank God, but of others, who, they forget, are *somebody else's* mothers and sisters.

Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one, and deep-rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or even lewd women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these than they would have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the developments of crime in our police courts.

Let young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon their FAITH IN WOMAN. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God himself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightly of women.—*Packard's Monthly*.

Judging by Appearances.

Some years ago there arrived at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, an odd-looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed to have just sprung from the woods; his dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of a needle for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long rusty tin box on the other, and his beard, uncropped, tangled and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of the thick dark locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This being, strange to the spectators, seemingly half civilized, half savage, pushed his steps into the sitting-room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked around for the landlord, and then modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance to receive this uncouth form among his genteel visitors, but a few words whispered in his ear satisfied him; and the stranger took his place in the company, some shrugging their shoulders, some staring, some laughing outright. Yet there was more in that one man than in the whole company. He had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his presence; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them; in short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter when the fashionables who laughed at him, and many much greater than they, shall have been forgotten. From every hill-top and deep, shady grove, the birds, those blossoms of the air, will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with her matin hymn; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle-dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mocking-bird pour it along the air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits far up on the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempest and the stars. He was John J. Audubon, ornithologist.

Watch and the Minister.

A student, from Dartmouth, spent the long winter vacation in teaching upon Cape Cod. The minister kindly furnished him with board, and as he had a charming wife, and a cosy nest of a house, our school-teacher declared that he had but one trial, and that was his position upon the Sabbath.

The minister's pew was a large square one, very near the pulpit, and exposed to a raking fire of eyes. Of course the minister's wife and the master were quite as attractive to a certain class of church-goers, as the minister and the sermon; and the student professed, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, to be very modest.

Mr. Tyler, the minister, owned a large dog named Watch, and Watch was bent upon going to church with Mrs. Tyler. She, in her turn, was much opposed to his going, fearing that he might excite the mirth of roguish children, who are only too glad of an excuse for laughing when they ought not to laugh.

Every Sunday a series of manœuvres took place between the two, in which Watch often proved himself the keenest. Sometimes he slipped away very early, and Mrs. Tyler, after having searched for him, to shut him up, would go to church and find Watch seated in the family pew, looking very grave and decorous, but evidently aware that it was too late now to turn him out.

Sometimes he would hide himself until the family had all started for church, and would then follow the footsteps of the tardy worshippers, who always tip-toed in during prayers, with creaking boots, and then didn't Watch know that Mrs. Tyler would open the pew door in haste, to prevent his whining for admission?

When Mr. Tyler became most earnest in his appeals, he often repeated the same word with a ringing emphasis, and a blow on the desk-cushion that startled the sleepers in the pews into the most erect and attentive position that they could assume.

One day he thus shouted out, quoting the well-known text, "Watch! Watch!! Watch, I say!!!" When rustle, rustle, bounce, came his big dog into his very arms!

You may be sure the boys all took this occasion to relieve their pent-up restlessness by one uproarious laugh, before their astonished parents had time to frown them to silence.

Honest Watch had been sitting with his eyes fixed, as usual, upon the minister. At the first mention of his name, up went his ears, and his eyes kindled; at the second he was still more deeply moved; at the third he obeyed, and flew completely over pew-rail and pulpit-door, in a leap that did equal honor to his muscular powers, and his desire to obey. After such a strict interpretation of the letter, rather than the spirit, Watch was effectually forbidden church-going.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Dog on His Travels.

We have lately been placed in the possession of a fact that shows how nearly allied to the reason of a man is the instinct of the brute creation. Not long since, Mrs. B—, residing in one of the interior counties of Missouri, left her home on a visit to some relatives living in Henry county, in this State, bringing with her a favorite dog. On arriving in this city she missed her pet, and search and inquiry failing to elicit aught concerning him, she was compelled to continue her journey without him. Fourteen days after the lady had left her home, the family was surprised at the reappearance of "Fido," whom they thought worrying the pigs or "baying the moon" in far off Kentucky. Not less than nine hundred miles had been traversed by his dogship, and when it is remembered that he had been brought hither by rail, and could have had no trail to lead him back to his old quarters—that the broad Ohio, and the still broader Mississippi, not to mention hundreds of streams of smaller proportions, lay between him and his puppy-hood's home, the journey was a remarkable one, and as such must ever distinguish this "dumb brute" as a remarkable dog.—*Louisville Journal*.

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God.—Luke xii. 6.

What Mary Gave.

When the contribution box comes round in church boys and girls throw in money which their parents have given them for that purpose. The money is not their gift, but that of their father and mother. They have just as much to spend for their pleasure as they had before. And so I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away. But this is not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind, and obliging that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face; she wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted in such a frank, artless way, that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story by her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it was ended made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.

Donkey and Eggs.

One morning, being in Rome, I walked out of the city in company with a friend, Oscar W. Collett, Esq., of St. Louis. The sky was unclouded, and the sun was showering down his rays, as we pushed on bravely into the Campagna. After a walk of several hours we espied an inn. We were tired, thirsty and hungry. St. Paul thanked God when he saw the three taverns; we did at the sight of one.

As we approached the ever open door, however, our attention was arrested by the approach, from another direction, of a tall, stout, middle-aged woman, and by her side two large moving panniers filled to the very top with eggs. From these panniers, if you looked up, you saw two very long ears; if you looked down, four very small legs; between the panniers the head of an animal. It was a donkey, and was the motive power that propelled the eggs. Now the woman, who was either owner or supercargo of her precious freight, was in great haste to reach the city. But the donkey was in no hurry at all; for, as soon as he perceived the odor of savory meats, hay, oats, &c., he stopped. Nor would he budge another foot. The woman was armed with a stout stick about three feet long. With that she began belaying the poor donkey, with occasional shouts. Then she would go behind him and strive to push him on by main strength, putting her shoulder to his rump. Renewed beating and shouts. All in vain. Presently the donkey became sulky and revengeful. And to the horror of his agonized mistress, knelt down, not to ask pardon, but as a preliminary to further steps. For next down went his hind legs, and the animal rolled over on his back—his legs up and his eggs everywhere. Much as I pitied the woman as she stood there shrieking and tearing her hair, I could not but think that if instead of beating so unmercifully the poor brute, she had coaxed him and reasoned with him, or fed him, she could have saved her eggs.—*Rev. George F. Haskins*.

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of thy God? Draw near Him, then, in being merciful; Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."

"We do pray for mercy, And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The DEEDS of mercy."

"Not at Home."

A lady lounged in her rich boudoir,
A pattern of elegant grace;
Her robe had the rustle of costly *moire*,
And splendid *point d'anglaise*;
And her hands like lily buds folded were
In the creamiest tint of lace.

A "Sister of Charity" waiting stood
In the spacious hall below,
Her mission was noble, and holy, and good,
God and the angels know;
And the face half hid 'neath the queer white hood,
Was pure as the unsoiled snow.

The little boy who clung to her hand
Was an orphan seven years old—
One among millions in our land,
Whose woes could scarcely be told—
One of the little ones of the land,
Who know no pasture nor fold!

In a few sweet words the sister told
Her errand at the door;
She spoke of the winter so bitterly cold,
And the wretched, suffering poor.
'Tis sad, but the story is frequent and old
We have heard it often before.

The servant waited with impudent stare,
Till the gentle woman had done;
But she blushed as her bold eye fell on the fair
White brow of the motherless one,
And uttered the lie she had been taught there,
"My mistress is not at home!"

The great tears filled the child's brown eyes
As they turned without a word,
And the heart of the sister grew heavy with sighs,
For its burden of "hope deferred;"
And her prayer for patience cleft the skies,
Though by no mortal heard.

O, woman of wealth! who basely rolled
Against your soul that lie;
Will you dare to send an answer as bold
When the "Master" bye-and-bye
Shall ask you—"How have you used the gold
That was lent you from on high?"

Can you treat that messenger with disdain,
As you oft before have done?
Can you send *Him* forth in the cold March rain
With the orphan and homeless one?
Dare you take on your lips the falsehood then,
And answer *Him* "not at home?"

A White Mountain Adventure.

Charley, our minister's little boy, was once the hero of a very startling adventure.

I will relate it for you, dear children, and I hope your fathers, and mothers, too, will be interested in my true story, which is to teach you that your very lives may depend on your instant obedience to their commands.

When Charley was five years old, he, and his brother John two years older, accompanied their father and mother on a journey to the White Mountains. The family did not travel by cars, and stage, but in the good old-fashioned way, with their own horse and carriage.

We find our travellers, one bright summer morning, among the Franconia Mountains. They had spent the previous night at the Flume House, and were now pursuing their journey to the Franconia Notch. As they rode along, mamma consulted the guide-book, (Eastman's White Mountain Guide,) and they read and talked of the profile (Old Man of the Mountain) and the crystal mirror (lake) at his feet, of Echo Lake, too, and the many, many wonders and beauties of the Notch, which they had almost reached. "And here," said mamma, laughingly, as she turned the leaves of the book, "right here, in these woods somewhere, it must mean, is another wonder—a wonder of both nature and art—so it seems."

"Read it to us! read it to us!" cried the boys. So mamma read—

"About two and a half miles southward of the Profile House, is Walker's Observatory. A tall pine, standing by the side of the road, possessing wonderful capabilities as an observatory, has been fitted for this purpose by trimming away the branches, and

fastening an easy succession of winding stairs around its trunk. As the tree is strong, and well secured by iron chains, we may feel safe in ascending to the look-out at the top. A really commanding view is gained from this half-natural, and half-artificial observatory. From no other place, in the lowland, can you obtain so good a view of the valley between the mountain ranges."

"Oh, here it is!" said papa; "is it best to stop?"

"Do! Oh, pleased do stop!" shouted the boys.

"Well, we will," said their father, "for the boys will never forget it."

"Ho! Charley boy, was there ever such a famous tree to climb?"

Now, as I said, Charley is the hero of my story, so I must tell you more of him. First, since it has to do with my story, he was a wonderful climber, and had been, through all the eventful five years of his life, having, on hands and knees, mounted to the third story of the great hall, at grandfather's, long before he could go alone. For all he was a great, brave boy, he was still "the baby;" soft, white, rosy, curly-headed, and as full of dimples, and fond of cuddling ways, as ever was mother's baby.

When, the previous evening, all radiant from his excursion to the Flume, he ran, for the first time, into the parlor at the Flume House, one of the group assembled there, exclaimed,—

"Oh, you little curly-headed angel! where did you come from?"

So at once he was their pet, and the pet of the house. Dark-eyed Johnny, who was mother's companion and confidant, ever devoted and true, won golden opinions from all; but Charley was the pet,—father's, mother's, everybody's pet.

So our party came to the foot of the tree.

"Charley, boy, is such a brave climber," said mamma, "I suppose he will be at the top first of all."

All cast a fond look on the boy, who, already in advance, turned his bright face all aglow with happy excitement upon them. Oh, had that look been the last!

So they wound their way slowly up, Charley just in advance, (so they thought,) talking of the scenery, and answering Johnny's thoughtful and over-mature questions, winding round and round, up, up, up,—Charley just round the turn, out of sight, yet near.

Oh, no! Oh, terror! up, up in the dizzy air, above the tops of the highest trees, there is a cry,—a gasping, faltering, frightened cry, trying still to be brave.

"Mamma, where are you? What shall I do, mamma? Everything goes round so up here."

You are only dizzy, my darling; sit right down on the stair. Don't step, don't step; sit right down."

So went up the mother's answer from her white lips, and agonizing heart,—yet true to a mother's instinct,—loud, clear, and cheerful as a bell.

Up sped the father, crying out encouragingly, "Good Charley, sit still; papa is coming!"

What a sight met his view, as he reached his boy; and, clasping him to his heart, shouted back, "all safe!"

Yes, all safe sat the boy, right on the outer edge of a stair, just where the broken railing gave no protection, more than a hundred feet from the rocks below, his cheeks aglow, his eyes gleaming, his red lips parted in happy smiles, obediently waiting his father's coming steps; wondering the while what "dizzy" was, to make the world go round and round like a top.

Yes, he was safe, because unquestionably obedient; he sat right down without taking another step, on the verge of the yawning death chasm, safe! One step,—one effort to go down, to do anything but just what he was bidden, and oh! what tongue can tell the horror. We will not imagine the death-plunge, the crushed and lifeless mass, the agony of those hearts. It is enough that God was merciful.

How joyfully our travellers arose, when their heads and steps were once more steady. How gratefully they descended. Yet, the mother's heart was full of penitential self-reproach; and that night, as she knelt by the couch of her darlings, nestling in their sweet sleep together, she prayed:—

"Oh, my God, I thank thee! A mother forgot her boy, but Thou watched and saved him."

HERBERT NEWBURY.

A Pittsburgh paper has the following item of intelligence:—

"Considerable excitement was created in the city yesterday by the arrival from the West of a stock train containing a large number of cattle, all of which seem more or less affected with the Spanish or "Texas" fever. The train consisted of eighteen cars, containing in all about three hundred head. On its arrival here sixty-four of the animals were found to have died on the way, and during yesterday many that seemed in good health were stricken with the disease and died."

How much of the evil-is to be placed to the account of the "Texas fever," and how much to disease consequent on the sufferings of the poor animals on their passage, is a question.

It is a question worthy of general inquiry, whether the transportation of cattle in cars ought not to be made the study of congressional or of State legislation. The length of time during which they should be allowed to be thus confined, without food or drink, should be limited by some rule other than the cupid-ity of speculators and drovers.

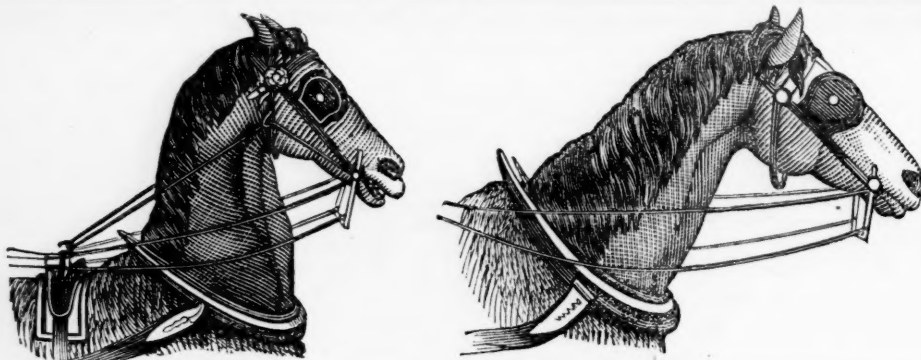
A CURIOUS CHARGE.—A man named Henry Richardson has been put under bonds in New York to answer a charge made against him that he was a manufacturer of headless fowls, and guilty of cruelty to a common domestic fowl, generally known as a rooster, by cutting off its bill, or beak, piercing out and destroying both eyes, taking a portion of its brain out, pulling the feathers from its head and neck and then skinning the same, after which the skin was so drawn up as to make the said rooster appear headless. According to the testimony Richardson was in the common practice of performing this operation upon roosters, which were sold for the purpose of public exhibitions, and the unfortunate fowls, after undergoing the operation, lived in great pain and torture for periods ranging from one week to two months. He was bound over to answer.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—On Saturday morning four men rode down Pearl Street in a two-wheeled "cart" drawn by a horse whose pitiful condition would have excited the sympathy of any right feeling man that saw it. The horse had evidently either once broken his leg and a false joint formed, or the knee joint been so injured that the leg bent outward, making of course every motion excruciatingly painful. The four brutes insisted on beating this wretched animal, a sight so offensive that we think if there is any law on the subject of cruelty to animals, these oppressors of "God's poor horses" ought to feel the force of it.—*Burlington Times*.

A Pelham, N. H., man recently beat his horse so severely about the head, in the attempt to make him back, that one of his eyes came out of the socket and was caught by the man in his hand.—*Journal*.

SAGACITY OF A HORSE.—An Ohio paper tells the following good story:

"An old family horse that has been running at will through the streets and commons lost one of his shoes, when with the intelligence of a human being, he walked up to the blacksmith shop where he had been shod for the last twenty years, and to the best of his ability asked the smith to shoe him, by raising his foot and stamping the ground. The smith being busy, drove him away several times during the day, and thought nothing of it. The following morning on going to the shop he found the old horse at the door; again he drove him off, but the horse came back, and, entering the shop, walked up to the anvil, and there raised his foot, thus attracting the particular notice of the smith, who examined the foot, and, finding it worn off to the "quick," kindly picked up an old horse-shoe, and, fitting it to his foot, nailed it on; when the grateful animal, frisking his tail by way of thanks, trotted off contentedly."



The Check-Rein.

Through the kindness of one of the members of our society, Mrs. William Appleton, we are enabled to put before our readers the above cuts—illustrative of the check-rein, and from a publication of the Royal Society of London, we take the following:—

There is one infallible proof, constantly to be obtained, of the cruelty of the use of the check-rein and of its injurious effects, though we believe very few persons are aware of it. Whenever a horse has been worked with a tight check-rein, the corners of his mouth become raw, inflame, fester, and eventually the mouth becomes enlarged on each side, in some cases to the extent of two inches. Even before the bit has produced these visible effects, if the corner of the mouth under the bit be touched the animal will flinch as if from hot iron. Let this be the sign with every master and servant. To what are these enlargements attributable? What causes them? Nothing but the friction of the bit in the efforts of the horse to get up to his work. How dreadful to see a horse heavy laden—his neck bent into a perfect curve—his mouth open—his eyes ready to start out of their sockets. The ignorant, though, perhaps, not cruelly-disposed driver, looks on with admiration to see how "handsome" his horse appears, and imagines that the tossing head, open mouth, and gnashing teeth, are signs of game and strength; whilst, on the contrary, they are the most unequivocal evidences of distress and agony. Let any one test the truth of this by loosing the check-rein, and he will immediately find the horse go faster, keep his mouth shut, and his head in one steady horizontal position. Draught-horses frequently exhibit the most painful examples of the cruelty of using a tight check-rein. Whether at work or standing they will often be found in continual torment—tossing their heads, or resting the weight of them on the bit, and so drawing back the corners of their mouths as nearly to split the ligatures. At work, instead of going on steadily they "bob" their heads, feeling the check at every step they take. A short time since, the writer stopped a wagon to look at the mouth of the shaft horse—he found the mouth actually cut open by the bit at least two inches on each side; the wagoner said "he know'd it sure; 'twas the fair wear of the iron!" The man was open to conviction, and upon the cause of this dreadful punishment being shown, he altered the rein.

The propensity to back, if not actually caused, is much increased by the check-rein. In ascending a hill the freest horse may be compelled to stop and refuse to exert himself, knowing that he can put forth no more strength until the head is loose. A short time since the writer saw a crowd collected looking at a coal-cart, fully loaded, drawn by an immense horse. The street is of a moderate ascent, and the horse had stopped just below the top of the hill; the driver turned the horse round down the hill, then up, and with his helpmate very humanely assisted by pushing. The horse, without being flogged or spoken to, went on steadily with his heavy load, to about the place he before stopped at, and again gave up; he was sweating much, and appeared to be a good game horse. The writer went up to the driver and advised him to unhook the check-rein. The man said "It's

no use, I have turned him round three times." The writer said "He must be a good horse to take the load three times,"—and pressed him to unhook the rein. The man replied "He will fall down." The writer coaxed him to try. The rein was unhooked, and immediately the horse took the load from the spot where he stood. The man said, "Well, I would not have believed that." It is not uncommon for considerate drivers to unhook their horses at the foot of a hill, which is a very strong proof of the folly of using the rein at all. It has been, and may be again, advanced as a plea for its retention, that a horse, after having been used to the rein, will miss it, and so be liable to fall if he trips after it is taken off. A trial will prove that this is not the result. A check-rein is fixed to the falling horse and falls with him—it cannot save him; it keeps a horse from seeing and avoiding stones and other impediments; it is a hindrance, not a help; an injury, not a benefit. It cannot be supposed that a horse stumbles willingly; therefore, to punish him for it, as is too often done, is wrong, and only adds to his fear.

To the ladies, the Society appeals with earnestness, knowing full well how pained they would be were they conscious of the horse's agony which causes that unceasing motion of the head which they have, doubtless, at times observed. Could these speechless sufferers answer the inquiries—*Why do you continually toss your heads while standing in harness? Why do you stretch open your mouths, shake your heads, and gnash your teeth? Why do you turn your heads back towards your sides, as if you were looking at the carriage?*—they would answer: All, all this is done to get relief from the agony we are enduring by having our heads kept erect and our necks bent by tight check-reins.

Kindness to Men.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 20th, 1868.

My dear Sir,—Fully aware of your love for everything good and noble, in whatever department it may be found, I request the privilege of inserting in your paper a notice, which I found at the depot in Rutland, Vt., while travelling this summer. It reads as follows:—

"Notice: Baggage-men at the depots, and men on the trains—freight as well as passenger—are expected and are employed by this Company, not only to do their work well, but pleasantly—to give every facility to travellers, by information and by acts. Any departure from civility of conduct, and that courtesy due the patrons of the road will render them unfit for its service, and they will be dismissed accordingly. Travellers may be unreasonable, but this will be considered no excuse for any employee to be so in return. GEO. A. MERRILL, Supt. R. & B. Vermont Valley Railroads."

I have travelled more than twenty-seven thousand miles on railroads in this country in the last three years, but never have seen any such token of interest in the humane treatment of travellers before, and it gives me infinite delight to speak of this rare and most beautiful instance of true kindness, hoping that it may be imitated by railroad men, hotel keepers and all and everybody in this great and beautiful country. Let every one realize that however humble may be his position he may by politeness and kindness make others happier. I am most respectfully yours,

ERNST PERABO.

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

Baulky Horses.

BY R. WEAVER.

With no intention to encroach lengthily upon your richly-freighted columns, I will condense into one article what I have to say in regard to baulky horses; and with as much brevity as the subject permits, lay before your readers the opinions of several of the most trustworthy authorities upon this subject. Professor Jennings, of the Veterinary College of Philadelphia, says,—*"A man to control a horse, must first learn to control himself. Baulking is the most aggravating of all the habits to which the horse is subject, yet, by patience, perseverance and good management, even this habit can be broken up. They resist because we have failed to make them understand what we require of them; or it may occur from overloading, sore shoulders, or working until tired out. Particularly is this the case with young animals."*

As soon as the horse is made to understand what is required of him, he becomes a willing subject. To attempt to force him to do that which he does not comprehend, or to use the whip under such circumstances, only excites him to more determined resistance. Prof. Jennings' remedy, which fully sustains the opinions of other great horse students, is as follows:—

"On the first attempt of your horse to baulk, get out, pat and reassure him by a kind word, carefully examine the harness, then jump in and speak to him as if you expected him to go. This is generally effectual."

Bentwright, the American horse-tamer, says of this subject:—

"If you have a baulky horse, it is your fault and not the horse's. If a team does not pull true there is some cause for it, and if you will remove the cause the effect will cease. When your horse baulks he is excited, and does not know what you want him to do."

Mr. Bentwright, it appears, not only agrees with Prof. Jennings that the cause lies not in viciousness, but he, in his remedy, proves conclusively that a baulky horse should never be placed in street car service, (where I have seen one dragged prostrate on the ground till the momentum of the car brought it up crashing upon his haunches,) nor, in fact, to any vehicle that is expected to run on time; for he says, "a horse should be stopped five or ten minutes, let him become calm, (if a team of two,) go to the baulky one, pat him and speak gently to him and, as soon as he is over his excitement, he will, in nine cases out of ten, pull at the word. Whipping and slashing and swearing only make matters worse."

Bentwright continues:—

"After you have gentled him awhile, take him by the bits, turn him each way a few times as far as you can, pull out the tongue and unrein him. A baulky horse is always high-spirited and starts quickly, has his pull out before the other starts." Where this latter is the case, Bentwright directs that the driver stand before the baulky horse and allow the other to start first, and assures the owner of a good team that he will be fully repaid for the time applied to the faithful following up of these rules, by a certain success.

Yount, in his work on the diseases of the horse and their remedies, says of baulking:—

"When a horse betrays a reluctance to work or a determination not to work, common sense and humanity demand that some consideration should be taken before measures of severity are resorted to. The horse soon discovers when he is taxed beyond his strength, and when this is the case, he tells his driver so by refusing to proceed. The utmost cruelty will not induce many horses to make the slightest effort when they are conscious that their strength is inadequate to the task. Sometimes the withers are wrung and the shoulders sadly galled, and the pain, which is intense on level ground and with fair draught, becomes insupportable when he tugs up a steep acclivity. These things should be examined into and rectified, for, under such circumstances, cruelty may produce obstinacy and vice. Seemingly trivial causes will sometimes produce baulking. Sometimes a horse whose shoulders are raw, or have frequently been so,

will not start with a cold collar." Mr. Youatt suggests lining the collar with cloth instead of leather, in which case "the perspiration is readily absorbed, the substance which presses upon the shoulder is softer and it may be far more accurately eased off at a tender place." A strip of cloth around the shoulders of a horse sensitive at starting under a leather or cold collar is also suggested.

We sometimes see, even in spite of all we can gather from written authority and personal application of general rules, that a horse, through injurious breaking and injudicious training from the first, or from having passed from hand to hand of bad managers, may have acquired a habit of baulking, and all horsemen agree that he may repeat the trick even after coming into kind and prudent hands, merely from long habit of expressing himself in that way. In such cases we have the highest authority that there are methods which the true horseman (viz., one who can first master his own disposition) may use with success, not requiring the whip or other torturing instrument. And when we remember how frequently human beings are at a loss to express themselves and resort to gesture, and consider how limited are the resources of dumb creatures in this particular and yet how much intelligence they seem possessed of, are we not bound to carefully interpret their rude but expressive pantomime?

From Rarey's plan to meet and overcome the difficulty of baulking in horses is quoted the following:—

"When your horse baulks, or is a little excited, or wants to start quickly, or looks around and does not want to go, there is something wrong, and he needs kind treatment immediately. Almost every wrong act the horse commits is from mismanagement, fear or excitement. One harsh word will so excite a nervous horse as to increase his pulse ten beats a minute."

Mr. Rarey impresses upon those who would command the confidence of, and therefore rightly govern their horses, that 'twere well to "remember that we are dealing with dumb brutes, and that with all our intellect, if we were placed in the horse's situation, it would be difficult for us to understand the driving of some foreigner, and to recollect that our ways and language are as foreign and unknown to the horse. All baulked horses can be started true and steady in a few minutes' time. They are all willing to pull as soon as they know how, and I never yet found a baulked horse that I could not teach to start his load in fifteen, and often less than three, minutes' time. Almost any team when first baulked will start kindly if you let them stand five or ten minutes, as though there was nothing wrong, and then speak to them with a steady voice and turn them a little to the right or left so as to get them both in motion before they feel the pinch of the load."

Mr. Rarey advises to loosen the check-rein so that they can get their heads down, if they choose, and to hang the lines loosely, and while they are thus eased from the strain upon the spine which the check-rein (now rarely or loosely used by intelligently humane drivers,) produces, and are realizing the resulting relief, then to gentle them, "as horsemen say," with a kind hand and voice. The time so consumed will be no more than is usually spent in the rearing and pitching, and the cursing of drivers, and the exercise of a most demoralizing influence on all concerned. The forces equalized by the rational treatment above described, Mr. Rarey continues:—"Turn them gently to the right, without letting them pull on the traces, as far as the tongue will allow; stop them with a kind word, gentle them a little and then turn them back to the left. You will have them under your control by this time, and, as you turn them again to the right, steady them in the collar and you can take them where you please."

The same authority gives the following where only one horse is baulky in a team:—

"Get as near in front of the baulky one as possible and let his nose come against your breast; this will keep him steady, for he will go slow rather than run on you. Do not take any whip about him or do anything to excite him, but keep him just as quiet as you can."

Thus we find the received authorities agree that kindness, not violence, is the true treatment of a baulky horse.

"Teach Me Thy Way."

O Thou unseen, eternal One,
Whom myriad worlds obey—
Whose being is—whose will be done,
Where'er the rays of stars or sun
Through the wide realms of ether run:
"Teach me Thy way."

At morn, when first Thy golden beams
Thy glorious works display,
When o'er the hill Thy sunlight streams
And earth with life and beauty teems,
Like some bright isle in happy dreams:
"Teach me Thy way."

At evening, when Thy shadows fall
Around departing day,
And lowly vale, and mountain tall,
And stream, and lake, and forest, all
Grow sombre with their mantling pall:
"Teach me Thy way."

Nor less, when in life's solemn hour,
Are sleeping silently
The weary bee, in tiny flower,
The wild bird, in his greenwood bower,
And souls, 'neath thatch or princely tower:
"Teach me Thy way."

When by the smile of summer blest,
The fields and woods are gay,
All in a robe of verdure dressed;
When the wild winds have sunk to rest,
Thy waves are still on ocean's breast:
"Teach me Thy way."

Or when Thou stretchest forth Thine arm,
In awful majesty,
In wintry skies, or climate warm,
Robing about the unseen form
With clouds and darkness, fire and storm:
"Teach me Thy way."

Maker of all—Earth, Sea and Air,
Ruler of night and day,
Long as I live beneath Thy care,
While goodness keep and mercy spare,
Be ever this my heartfelt prayer:
"Teach me Thy way."

And when Life's fleeting hours are past;
When in eternity,
The undying soul on Thee is cast,
O take me to Thyself at last,
And through that endless, unknown vast:
"Teach me Thy way."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring, so small that a single ox could drain it dry on a summer day. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a thousand villages and cities, and bearing on its bosom more than a half a thousand steamboats. Then joining on the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar until the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is the rill, the rivulet, the ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

Among the reports on the Paris exhibition is a chapter on a new system of shoeing horses. Its inventor, M. Charlier, contends that the present shoe destroys the horse's foot, and substitutes for it an iron band, let into a rectangular groove scooped from the outer circle of the horse's foot. This band is fastened with seven rectangular nails, driven into oval holes. The sole of the foot and the frog are thus allowed to touch the ground, the horse never slips, and never gets diseases of the foot. The new shoe has been tried by M. Laugnet, a large jobmaster in Paris, and has reduced lameness in his stables by two-thirds. The Omnibus Company, moreover, have shod 1,200 horses, and speak of the improvement in high terms. Has anybody ever clearly explained why a horse can travel without shoes all his life on a stony desert as hard as iron, and cannot travel on an English road? —London Spectator.

Mr. Townsend's Walks and Conversations with his Children.

[Published by the Pennsylvania Society.]
CONTINUED.

After the breakfast was over the children all hurried away to the school-room to study their lessons, when Mr. Townsend retired to his library, and was there busily engaged during the morning. About twelve o'clock, the school being dismissed, the library door was suddenly opened, and in rushed the children. Little Mary ran to her father, and climbing upon his knee, threw her arms around his neck, and pressing her sweet and innocent lips upon his cheek, kissed him a dozen times, saying, "Come, dear father, you promised when we finished our lessons that you would take another walk with us, and tell us more about the cruel treatment of animals. Come, take off your spectacles and put away your books, and let us go."

Mr. Townsend rose from his seat with little Mary in his arms, and advancing toward the window, looked out to see if the weather was favorable, and calling the children's attention to the dark and angry-looking clouds that were rolling rapidly over the heavens, said, "I fear, my dear children, that we shall not be able to walk to-day. The clouds look very threatening, and I am sure you would not like to be caught in a rain. I think, we had better sit down here on the sofa and have a nice talk together."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said little Mary, with tears in her eyes; "don't you think it will clear away?"

"I think it will," said John.

"See, father," exclaimed William, "there is the blue sky!"

"My dear children," said Mr. Townsend, "it is now dropping rain, and we shall have a heavy shower; but never mind; we all have our disappointments in this world, and we must learn to bear them with cheerfulness, and not in anger or sadness. God often checks our pleasures with disappointments, that he may moderate our desires and make us better men and Christians. Come, draw your chairs around the table, and I will show you some interesting books, containing a number of pictures of horses, dogs and other animals that I am going to talk to you about to-day. God has given us many of these noble animals for our convenience and comfort, and if they do not serve us as faithfully as we wish, it is our fault, not theirs. Kind treatment will make most animals love us, and we should try to merit the kind feeling of every living thing. When a horse knows that his master treats him well, he will do for him what he wants; but if he beats him, and speaks harshly to him, he will fear him, and tremble when he approaches him, and very often from fright refuse to do his work. The horse is naturally, my dear children, a very timid, nervous animal, and this nervous timidity is considered by many ignorant masters obstinacy, and the poor beast is cruelly beaten to cure him of this fault. But the more he is beaten the worse he gets; not from any disposition to do wrong—but from fear, and the unkind treatment he receives, or from some natural infirmity which he cannot control; so that, by continued torture, he becomes at last good for nothing, and his master loses his services altogether."

"Why, father," interrupted John, "do horses never require to be whipped? Suppose they stop in the road and won't move, what is to be done then? Don't you think that the whip would make them go?"

"No, my dear child," replied Mr. Townsend; "when a horse balks or stops he should never be whipped. Kind and gentle treatment alone will do any good. Sometimes a kind word, a little patting on the neck, or gently coaxing him, will cause him to move off and not stop again all day. I knew of a horse some years ago that was very bad in this way. He would stop, and nothing could make him move; his master tried whipping, but the more he whipped the worse he became. One day, as he was coming home with a loaded cart, he stopped in the road, as he had frequently done before, and his master, knowing that whipping was of no use, determined to try an experiment. He procured a fence-rail, and, with the aid of an axe, he cut it about three feet long, and pointing it at one end, drove it down securely into the ground near where the horse was standing.

He then got a halter and tied the horse to the stake, and left him some hours. When he went to untie him, as soon as he had removed the halter, the horse trotted off briskly. He was carried to the stable and watered and fed, and was never known to stop again."

"The master of that horse must have been a very smart man," said William, "to think of such an odd way of punishing him."

"I never would have thought of such a thing," said John; "but don't you think, father, it was cruel to let him stand so long in the road without food or water?"

"It was not cruel," said Mr. Townsend, "but a necessary correction to avoid a severer treatment. If we put our wits and our hearts to work, instead of permitting our passions to control our actions, we could very often save a poor animal much pain and torture by trying simple remedies like this. I once owned a valuable dog that loved me very much, and I was equally devoted to him. He was my companion in all my walks, and never seemed happy out of my sight; but he got into bad habits, and would steal away at night and kill my sheep. One morning he came home all covered with blood, and when he saw me he skulked away and was afraid to remain where I was. I knew that he had been doing wrong, and went into the field to see what mischief he had done. I found two of my neighbors there in great excitement, who told me that a dog had been among the sheep and had killed six of them, and that they were looking for the dog to kill him. I said to them that I had detected the enemy in my own kind-hearted and affectionate dog, and that I would shoot him as soon as I reached home. Sad and dejected, I retraced my steps, thinking all the way how I could save his life. I could not kill him myself, and to order James to do it was more than my feelings would bear; but it must be done by some one, I thought, as it would be unfriendly and unjust to my neighbors to let him go at large, to the injury of their property. So I called James when I reached home and told him what had happened, and ordered him to get my gun and load it, and bring poor Tray out and shoot him. 'Oh, dear, your honor, and would you surely kill him? I fear I would not have the nerve to do it.' 'Justice demands it, James, and it must be done.' 'Well, your honor,' said James, 'it is a hard duty. Poor fellow, I have known him for so many years, and he has been such a good friend and companion to us all, that I feel as if I was going to kill a human being; but your honor says it is just and right, and I must obey the order.' The gun was loaded, and poor Tray was brought out tied around the neck with a rope, and as he passed me on the way to the place of execution, he wagged his tail and gave me such a look of affection and kindness that my heart failed me, and I buried my face in my handkerchief and wept bitterly. After I recovered a little from my grief, I looked up anxiously and saw poor Tray tied to the post and James just about to discharge the fatal shot. I cried out: 'Hold! hold! James; I cannot see my dog shot! He is my best friend, and has been my constant companion for many long years; he has guarded my house and my family by night and greeted us with almost human affection by day: can I now see him tied to a stake and shot? Oh, no! no! no! Put away the gun, James, and come back to me.' In the mean time I was arranging in my mind a plan by which I could break Tray of this bad habit of killing sheep in the future. A thought came into my head, and I called James and told him to take the skin off one of the sheep that had been killed, and tie it tightly around Tray, and make him wear it for several days. The experiment was tried, and he never after would go near a sheep, nor even eat a piece of mutton when given to him at his meals."

"Oh, father," said little Mary, "I have been so frightened about poor Tray; I was afraid James would shoot him."

"He was very near it," said John; "and it was a kind thought of father's that saved his life."

"Oh, father," exclaimed all the children at once, "the sun is shining. Come and see what a beautiful afternoon it is. Can't we go now and take our walk?"

"Oh do, dear father!" said little Mary; "my bon-

net is all ready, and I have on my thick shoes. Oh! do get your hat and cane, and let us go."

Mr. Townsend, seeing that the rain had passed over and the afternoon was a pleasant one, told the children to get ready, but first of all to see their mother and let her know that they were going out to walk. Away they all ran, and finding their mother engaged in her domestic duties, told her that they were going to walk with their father, and would not be back till evening.

"Are you going without your dinner?" said Mrs. Townsend.

"Oh yes!" they all exclaimed in great excitement; "we don't want any dinner. We will eat something when we come back!"

Mrs. Townsend went quietly to the closet, and taking out a plate of biscuit, called the children and put them into their pockets, and wished them a pleasant walk. Back again to the library they all ran, and taking their father by the hand, they were soon out of the front door and into the pure air.

"How sweet everything looks around us after the refreshing shower we have had!" said Mr. Townsend. "See how happy the cattle seem to be in nipping the tender grass in the fields, and hear how sweetly and cheerfully the birds are singing in the trees. But here we are at Farmer Brown's. What a beautiful rose-covered cottage he has."

"See, father," said little Mary, "what a lot of sweet little chickens he has running about the yard. I wish I had some grains of corn to give them."

"These poor little chickens," said Mr. Townsend, "have but a short existence in this world, and before they are disposed of in market they undergo a great deal of cruel torture and unnecessary pain. They are usually sent long distances, tied together by the legs, and carried with their heads down for hours together, until their legs become so sore and numbed that they cannot stand."

"Why, father," said little Mary, "would Mr. Brown be so cruel as that?"

"Mr. Brown," said Mr. Townsend, "would probably, like most other men, not think it cruel to tie them together and carry them to market in this way. *People, from early habit and education, commit the most shameful acts of cruelty, without for a moment thinking, that they are doing wrong.* I have known some excellent men who seem to have no compassion or feeling for the inferior creatures around them, but when told of their cruelty, they express surprise and promise never to do so again."

"Let us knock at the door, father," said little Mary, "and tell Mr. Brown that it will hurt the chickens to tie their legs together and beg him not to do it?"

"Do you see that beautiful rooster there?" said Mr. Townsend. "God has endowed that noble bird with a character and instincts that sometimes put to blush the more thoughtful minds of his superior creatures. He is brave, gallant and self-sacrificing, and will lay down his life in defence of those he has under his care. See with what dignity he conducts himself, and how carefully he watches over the helpless hens and chickens around him. See, he has found a grain of corn and is calling the hens to eat it. Would you believe, my dear children, that this graceful and magnanimous bird is an instrument in the hands of bad men to degrade our human natures and reduce us to a level with the brute? If you have never heard of cock-fighting, I will tell you something about it. One of these cocks is caught and taken to a place arranged for the purpose. The feathers are first shaved from the neck, and the spurs, that nature has provided for his defence, are sawed off to within an inch of his legs. A steel gaff two or three inches long, and as sharp as a needle, is then strapped on to the stump, and the poor cock is now ready for the deadly combat. He is put into a pit with another cock, armed like himself, and they begin immediately to fight. Every blow from either side drives these sharp gaffs into the head, eyes or body of the combatants, until one or the other is killed."

"Oh, shame!" exclaimed all the children.

"These cruel men," said little Mary, "ought to be shut out of everybody's house."

"They ought to be sent to jail," said William.

"They ought to be hung," said John. "I never

heard of such cruelty before. But, father, what is a gaff?"

"A gaff, my dear child, is an instrument in shape very much like the spur of the cock, but not so thick and heavy. It is made of the very best steel, and as sharp at the point as a needle. Come, let us walk on," said Mr. Townsend. "The fields are too damp to walk over, so we must keep to the main road." They had not gone far before a man was seen driving a cart some distance ahead, and as he approached, Mr. Townsend and the children saw that the cart was loaded with potatoes, and on the top of the potatoes a poor calf was lying with its legs tied up together. "Where are you going, my friend?" said Mr. Townsend, anxiously looking into the cart.

"I'm going up to town to sell a few potatoes and this calf," said the driver.

"And are you going to carry that poor calf all the way to town tied by the legs and lying upon that hard and uncomfortable bed?"

"Yes, I guess so," said the driver; "I have no other way of carrying it."

"Well, I tell you, my friend," continued Mr. Townsend, "that if you go into Philadelphia carrying a calf in that cruel way, you will be arrested by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and sent to jail. What do you expect to get for that calf?"

"Well, I think the butchers will give me six dollars for it."

"Oh, father!" said little Mary, "let us buy it and take it home with us!"

"Poor little calf!" said William; "how tired it looks already!"

"Why it would be almost dead before it got to town," said John.

"I have two dollars in my saving-box," said little Mary.

"And so have I," said William and John.

"Well, that will just make six dollars," said Mary. "So, father, tell the driver that we will buy the calf, and to leave it at our house as he goes along."

"You must remember, my dear children," said Mr. Townsend, "that in buying this calf you will have no money left, and no prospect of getting any more for Christmas when it comes."

"Yes, father, we know that," said all the children; "but could we have a nicer Christmas gift than this darling little calf?"

"Oh!" said little Mary, "it will be such a pleasure to feed it, and see it grow up to a big cow, and then to drink its milk and take a pitcherful to mother every morning for breakfast and for tea in the evening. Won't it be lovely, father? And then we shall have the pleasure of knowing that we saved its life, and raised it from a little calf to a big cow."

"Very well, my dear children," said Mr. Townsend, "you shall have the calf;" and turning to the driver, he gave him a few lines written on the back of a letter to Mrs. Townsend, and directed him, when he reached his house, to hand it to her and she would pay him his money and take care of the calf. This business transaction being disposed of, the party walked on, Mr. Townsend in the mean time telling the children how gratifying it is, at the end of each day, to know that we have done one good deed before we retire to rest. "If we would adopt this as a rule of our life, and study to find out every day some poor suffering object, whether man or beast, upon whom to bestow our charity, what a long list of good works we might carry with us to the other world. But let us stop and see where we are going. I want to take you to a beautiful pond of water about half a mile from here—I think it is in this direction. (Turning to the left.) We shall be obliged to leave the road and walk over the fields. Come, boys, you must climb this worm-fence while I help over your little sister." Very soon they were all safely over, and on their way to the pond.

"Father," said John, "see what a number of sheep there are in the field over the way. Are they left there all day and night, so far away from any house, without any one to look after them?"

"Sometimes they are," said Mr. Townsend, "but a good and humane farmer will always provide shelter for his stock, and see them safely provided for before

night. In France and other countries the sheep are all day under the care of a dog that is called the shepherd's dog, and at night are driven home for protection. These shepherd's dogs are very intelligent and valuable animals. I have seen them in France, where there are no fences, watching the sheep to keep them away from the grain-fields surrounding their pastures; and whenever the sheep go over the line into the grain or vegetable patch, the dog runs after them and drives them off; but if they don't mind him, he barks furiously at them; and if that won't do, he takes them by the tail and pulls them away."

"Father," said John, "are there any of these useful dogs in this country?"

"I suppose there are, my child," said Mr. Townsend; "but our farmers won't take the trouble to train them. But here we are at the pond. Don't you see the water through the trees?" Away ran the children, and were soon standing on the edge of the water, calling to their father to come quickly and see how beautiful it was. Mr. Townsend having joined them, they all threw themselves down on the green bank and talked about the beautiful trees, the clear and silvery appearance of the water, the sweet warbling of the birds, and the refreshing and cool air that they breathed.

"Oh, father!" said little Mary, "see what a large flock of geese are swimming over the pond! How lovely they look and how beautifully they sail along! Father, why do they call a boy at school when he misses his lessons a goose? I don't think a goose is more stupid than other birds, do you, father?"

"No, my dear child," said Mr. Townsend, "a goose is not generally a stupid bird; on the contrary, it is sometimes very smart; it keeps very vigilant watch at night, and is never surprised by an enemy. Rome, you will learn when you read ancient history, was once saved by the cackling of a goose. But with all its watchfulness and sagacity in guarding against danger, it sometimes shows a great want of reason and common sense. I have seen a goose chased by a dog, when, finding a hay-stack, it would bury its head in the hay and leave its body exposed, thinking that it was safe from the bite of the dog."

"What a goose it was!" said little Mary.

"Just so, my dear," said Mr. Townsend, "and when boys do foolish things, it is very natural to call them a goose also. You will be surprised when I tell you that the most shameful cruelties are sometimes practised upon the poor geese. They are put into a hot room, and stuffed three or four times a day with dough made of corn-meal, and this cruel treatment is continued for several weeks until the poor things are nearly dead from indigestion. The liver then becomes diseased and greatly enlarged, and when the geese are killed they are very fat. The liver is carefully taken out and made into a pâté, which is put up in tin jars and sent all over the world, and is esteemed a great delicacy."

"I hope such a cruel practice will never be introduced in this country," said John. "Do you think it will, father?"

"I pray God that it may not, my dear child," said Mr. Townsend, "but some people are very wicked and care but little what acts of cruelty they commit. But it is time that we should be thinking about home."

"Oh, father!" said little Mary, "it is so sweet here that I could stay always."

"Come, let us retrace our steps," continued Mr. Townsend, "and go back again to the main road, when we shall have a straight path before us."

The children rose from the green sward upon which they had been lying, and accompanied their father across the field. Reaching the worm-fence, they were all safely over in a short time and on the straight route to their home. The afternoon was clear and beautiful, and the sun fast hastening to its bed in the west.

"Well, my dear little children," said Mr. Townsend, "we have had a long and interesting walk, and shall have a great deal to tell mother when we reach home."

"Oh, yes, dear father," said little Mary, "and I shall be so glad to see the poor calf we bought from the man in the road. Do you think James will recol-

lect to give it a drink of cool water and a nice supper, and make it a soft bed to lie on in the stable?"

"I have no doubt that James will do what is necessary to make it comfortable," continued Mr. Townsend; "but if you want anything well done, my dear children, you must not depend upon others to do it for you. It is always a great pleasure to be doing good, and this poor, dumb animal that we have relieved from suffering and pain has given us all more real gratification than any other thing we have done or seen to-day; and I am sure when you reach home and tell your mother how merciful and kind you have been in your walk, she will be pleased to hear it, and unite with you in your happiness. There is nothing so sweet in life as acts of mercy flowing from a kind, generous and forgiving heart; and I pray God that you may keep his commandments, and live in peace and love with every living creature. The world will then be to you as its great Architect intended it to be—a world of beauty and pleasure. Every bird that flies through the air, every insect that we see crawling upon the earth, every animal that roams over these cultivated fields or dwells among the rocks or in the forests, every tree and plant that expands its leaves and rejoices in the sunshine, will be an object of beauty and command your admiration and love, and your little hearts will be filled with thankfulness and your mouths with praise. But, on the other hand, if you forget God and keep not his commandments, and harden your hearts by continued acts of cruelty, you will feel no sympathy for the sufferings of your fellow-men, no mercy toward any of God's creatures. The worst passions of your nature will stimulate to acts of fearful violence. Envy, hatred and malice, and every other evil will dwell in your hearts and make you objects of wretchedness, and the world you live in will seem a frightful mass of shapeless deformity. But here we are back again to Farmer Brown's. The chickens have all gone to roost, and we must hasten on or we shall be caught in the night."

"The sun has gone down," said John, "but there is the moon if we should be late to light us on our way."

"My dear children," said Mr. Townsend, "you forgot to gather a bouquet of flowers for your mother."

"No, indeed, dear father," said little Mary; "see, I have a large bunch that I collected when we crossed the field on our way to the pond."

"And so have I," said William and John. "We never forget dear mother."

"My dear, good little children," said Mr. Townsend, "you have been more thoughtful than I have, and I am so glad that you did not forget it. But there are the lights from our windows. Your mother is preparing us some supper, and is now expecting us every moment."

The children ran ahead and were soon at their house. On entering the door they met their mother, and throwing their arms around her neck, exclaimed all together: "Oh, mother! what a lovely walk we have had! We went to the big pond of water!"

"And we bought a calf on the way!" said little Mary, "and sent it home. Did you see the dear little thing? And, oh, we saw so many little chickens at Farmer Brown's, and the geese sailing on the water, and the sweet little birds singing in the trees; and, oh, so many beautiful flowers! I wish you had been with us."

"And father told us so many beautiful stories about cruelty to animals," said William.

"Well, my dear children," said Mrs. Townsend, "I am glad you had a nice walk, and I am delighted to see you back again all safe. Run and take off your shoes—they are quite muddy—and put on dry ones. By that time supper will be ready. I am sure you are very hungry after your walk."

The children all presented to their mother the flowers they had collected, and ran away to change their shoes and prepare for supper. Mr. Townsend in the mean time came in and explained to Mrs. Townsend how the calf was purchased, and all other matters connected with his walk. The children, after changing their shoes, ran to the stable to see the calf, and meeting James, little Mary said to him: "James, where is the darling little calf? Oh, here

it is, lying on the straw in the stall. Oh, the darling little thing! Did you give it some water and a nice supper, James?"

"Yes, miss, it has been well taken care of, and it is a very nice calf," said James.

The children, having satisfied their curiosity in seeing again the calf they had purchased, ran into the house, and were soon with their parents around the supper-table. Mr. Townsend thanked God for all his mercies, and especially for the provisions of his bounty of which they were now about to partake, the children and their mother all saying amen. They then took their seats, and talked over all that they had seen in their walk, but being very tired, they hurried through their supper to enable them to get to bed as soon as possible.

"If you all continue well," said Mr. Townsend, "and are good children, I will take you to Philadelphia at Christmas, and show you all the strange things in that great city."

"Oh, father!" said all the children at once, "that will be so nice."

"How far is Christmas off, father?" said little Mary.

"Just five months from to-day," said Mr. Townsend.

"Oh, that is a long way off," said William; "but won't you tell us something about Philadelphia to-night, father," said John. "I never saw a city in my life."

"No, my dear child, it is too late to-night," said Mr. Townsend, "and we are all tired and sleepy. Come, let us go to the library and say our prayers, and then go to bed;" Mrs. Townsend in the mean time getting the prayer-book from which she said the evening prayer. This duty being over, the children kissed their parents and bid them good-night, and soon after, the house being shut up and the lights put out, all were in bed and asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Walking Horses.

The best gait a horse ever had for every day use is a good walk. It is a gait that not one in ten possesses. Colts are not trained to walk in all of the Eastern States. Young America wants more speed. Kentucky has more good walking horses than any other State, for there, horseback travelling has long been in fashion for men and women, over a country where muddy roads, at times rendered any other gait impossible, and so horses have been bred for the saddle and trained to a walking gait. This is also the case in all the Western States, and perhaps might have been so in New England, when our grandmothers rode to meeting on a pillion behind our grandfathers. But one-horse wagons have put horseback riding out of fashion, and now a good walking horse is more rare, than one that can trot a mile in 2.40.

At the Springfield, (Mass.) Horse Show of 1860, the writer was one of the committee to award prizes to the two best walking horses. Out of seventeen entered, the committee found but one which was considered a first-rate walker. This was a Morrill mare, which walked five miles an hour with ease. Two others were fair walkers, and the rest knew no gait that could be called walking. At the New York State Fair the same state of facts was again developed. A letter from Wisconsin says: "I think horses trained to walk fast, would be a greater benefit to our farmers in general, than fast trotters as almost all of their work has to be done with a walk." I once knew a man in Massachusetts, who, before the railroads were built, kept from two to four teams at work on the road, and never allowed them to trot at all, and made the distance in quicker time than his neighbors, who made their horses trot at every convenient place. He said that when a horse commenced to walk after a trot, he walked much slower than his common gait, if kept on a walk, and thereby lost more than he gained. Will farmers think of this and pay more attention to walking horses?—*Farmers' Home Journal*.

"Abhor all CRUELTY, oh, gen'rous youth,
Be pitiful and kind in deed and truth;
Torment no living creature, great or small,
But let thy tender MERCY reach to all."

Acknowledgments.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received, since the last report, the following donations. From—

Mrs. L. Maria Childs and C. H. Saunders, each, \$5,	\$10 00
Miss R. H. Brady and a "Boston School Boy," each \$1,	2 00
Total,	\$12 00

Our City Fountains

Are delayed, but certainly coming—*twenty of them*—and by-and-bye ever so many more, we hope. We shall before long have the pleasure of seeing thirsty horses drinking the pure Cochituate in our public streets.

Pavements.

All who would realize the difference in comfort both to man and beast between a stone and a wooden pavement, should examine the latter recently laid in Court Square.

One of the Letters We Like.

345 SHAWMUT AV., BOSTON, Oct. 16, 1868.

Mr. ANGELL,—Dear Sir: I had just become a subscriber to your valuable little paper, thinking I should hand it over to our Sunday School for circulation among its pupils, when I read the paragraph in which you generously proffer it to those of small means "at the bare cost of printing and sending."

I am so delighted with the paper, both in *idea* and in *execution*, and should be so glad to introduce it into our Sunday School, that I write at once to inquire at what cost fifty or seventy-five copies could be sent to us.

I am pastor of the "New South Free Church, a church not yet self-sustaining, and our Sunday School embraces a large proportion of children unable to pay, who would, nevertheless, be greatly blessed by being made familiar with the touching facts and tender appeals of your admirably conducted sheet. If you will let me know your "cost" terms, I will see if I can raise the "needful."

Wishing you a hearty "God-speed" in your noble work,

I am, yours truly,

W. P. TILDEN.

KILLING ANIMALS BY THE USE OF CHLOROFORM.—We extract the following from a communication on this subject:—

And so poor Bruce went to his long sleep. His last thought was not that he had to be killed to rid his master of his burden, but with a kind and sweet delusion, he inhaled the powerful narcotic which produces the sleep that knows no waking. Would not the worthy society for the prevention of cruelty to "our dumb animals" approve such a course and make honorable mention of this case in its journal? If a faithful animal must have its life taken, then 'twere well it died a pleasant, a delusive and a painless death.

CHINA.—But this race has claims in its immovability. China is old, not in time only, but in wisdom, which is gray hairs to a nation—or rather, truly seen, is eternal youth. As we know, China had the magnet centuries before Europe—and gunpowder, vaccination, canals; had anticipated Linnaeus's nomenclature of plants; had codes, journals, clubs, hackney coaches, and, thirty centuries before New York, had the custom of New Year's calls of comity and reconciliation. Why mention its upper arts, its pottery, indispensable to the world,—the luxury of silks—and its tea, the cordial of nations. But, I remember, she has respectable remains of astronomic science, and historic records of forgotten time, that have supplied important gaps in the ancient history of the western nations, and she has philosophers who cannot be spared. Confucius has not yet gathered all his fame.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.**President.**

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Vice-Presidents.

His Excellency A. H. BULLOCK, Worcester.
Lt. Governor W. M. CLAFIN, Newton.
The Hon. Sec'y OLIVER WARNER, Northampton.
His Honor N. B. SHURTLEFF, Boston.
Rev. Jno. J. WILLIAMS, "
Rev. M. EASTBURY, "
GEO. B. EMERSON, LL.D., "
Dr. GEO. C. SHATTUCK, "
ROBT. M. MASON, Esq., "
PATRICK DONAHUE, Esq., "
JAMES P. THORNDIKE, Esq., "
JOSEPH B. GLOVER, Esq., "
Hon. ALBERT J. WRIGHT, "
Dr. HENRY G. CLARK, "
C. ALLEN BROWN, Esq., "
Hon. EDWIN WRIGHT, "
J. INGERSOLL BOWDITCH, Esq., "
EDWARD N. PERKINS, Esq., West Roxbury.
QUINCY SHAW, Esq., West Roxbury.
Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDETT, Dorchester.
Dr. W. C. B. FIELDT, Dorchester.
FRANKLIN KING, Esq., Dorchester.
JOHN J. MAY, Esq., Dorchester.
JAMES M. COLEMAN, Esq., Brookline.
Hon. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL, Newton.
E. F. WATERS, Esq., Newton.
Hon. JOHN W. THOMAS, Dedham.
ROBERT B. FORBES, Jr., Esq., Milton.
L. BALDWIN, Esq., Brighton.
Dr. JOHN M. GRAVES, Chelsea.
Hon. R. S. FROST, Chelsea.
JAMES LEE, Jr., Esq., Charlestown.
PHINEAS J. STONE, Esq., Charlestown.
Hon. E. L. NORTON, Charlestown.
COLUMBUS TYLER, Esq., Somerville.
Hon. GEORGE O. BRASTOW, Somerville.
CHARLES C. SEWALL, Medfield.
MAYOR SAUNDERS, Cambridge.
Hon. WM. BARNEY, Nantucket.
Hon. CHARLES F. SWIFT, Yarmouth.
Hon. MARSHALL S. UNDERWOOD, Dennis.
RICHARD L. PEASE, Esq., Edgartown.
Hon. E. C. SHERMAN, Plymouth.
Hon. HARRISON TWEED, Taunton.
Dr. H. B. WHEELWRIGHT, Taunton.
Hon. ROBERT C. PITMAN, New Bedford.
Hon. JOHN S. BRAYTON, Fall River.
Dr. NATHAN DUREEE, Fall River.
Hon. JOHN B. ALLEY, Lynn.
Hon. EDWARD S. DAVIS, Lynn.
Hon. GEORGE F. CHOATE, Salem.
JAMES A. GILLIS, Esq., Salem.
Hon. ASAHEL HUNTINGTON, Salem.
S. ENDICOTT PEABODY, Esq., Salem.
Hon. JOHN I. BAKER, Beverly.
RICHARD S. ROGERS, Esq., Peabody.
CHARLES P. PRESTON, Esq., Danvers.
Hon. EBEN F. STONE, Newburyport.
Hon. JOHN J. BADSON, Gloucester.
CHARLES KIMBALL, Esq., Lowell.
WM. H. P. WRIGHT, Esq., Lawrence.
Hon. ALVAH CROCKER, Fitchburg.
Hon. FRANCIS B. FAY, Lancaster.
Col. WM. S. LINCOLN, Worcester.
Hon. C. C. ESTY, Framingham.
WM. G. PRESCOTT, Esq., Pepperell.
Hon. W. L. REED, Abington.
Hon. HENRY L. SABINE, Williamstown.
WILLIAM T. FELLE, Esq., Lanesborough.
Hon. THOMAS COLT, Pittsfield.
Hon. SAMUEL W. BOWERMAN, Pittsfield.
Hon. ENSIGN H. KELLOGG, Pittsfield.
Hon. WILLIAM TAYLOR, Lee.
GRAHAM ROOT, Esq., Sheffield.
DAVID LEAVETT, Esq., Great Barrington.
Hon. W. B. C. PEARSONS, Holyoke.
Hon. WM. B. WASHBURN, Greenfield.
ALFRED R. FIELD, Esq., Greenfield.
Hon. GEORGE H. GILBERT, Ware.
Hon. SAMUEL WILLISTON, Easthampton.
WM. B. HALE, Esq., Northampton.
Hon. HENRY W. BISHOP, Lenox.
JOHN WINTHROP, Esq., Stockbridge.
Hon. JOHN Z. GOODRICH, Stockbridge.
Hon. THOMAS TALBOT, Billerica.
Hon. E. B. GILLET, Westfield.
Hon. J. T. ROBINSON, Adams.
Hon. VALORUS TAFT, Upton.
Hon. DANIEL L. HARRIS, Springfield.
Hon. ELIPHALET TRASK, Springfield.
Hon. FRANCIS W. BIRD, Walpole.
GEORGE TAYLOR, Esq., Chicopee.
Hon. R. H. LEAVETT, Charlemont.
Hon. L. M. HILLS, Amherst.
E. B. WELCH, Esq., Cambridge.
Hon. CHARLES F. L.D. Aitch.
Hon. ARTEMAS LEE, Templeton.
Hon. AARON C. MAYHEW, Milford.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON, Esq., Concord.
Hon. GEORGE COGSWELL, Bradford.

Directors.

GEO. T. ANGELL.
SAMUEL G. HOWE.
WILLIAM GRAY.
RUSSELL STURGIS, Jr.
GEO. TYLER BEELOW.
HENRY SALTONSTALL.
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
W. W. MORLAND.
THOMAS MOTLEY.
D. D. SLADE.
GEORGE NOYES.
THOMAS CONERY.
FRANKLIN EVANS.
JOHN REED.
WM. G. WELD.
WM. APPLETON.
AMOS A. LAWRENCE,
Treasurer.
CEPHAS BRIGHAM,
Secretary.
J. W. DENNY, Agent.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1st. To enforce the law.
- 2d. To invite all persons throughout the State to report cases of *undoubted cruelty*.
- 3d. To pay rewards to persons who, acting for the Society, shall secure conviction and punishment in such cases, or furnish the Society with evidence to enable them to do it.
- 4th. To employ persons to investigate, arrest and prosecute for the Society.
- 5th. To see that animals lost or abandoned be properly taken care of or mercifully killed.
- 6th. To introduce better methods of transportation and butchering of animals.
- 7th. To encourage improvements and inventions to increase the comfort and value of animals.
- 8th. To gather information in regard to existing abuses and their remedies, and the proper treatment of animals both in sickness and in health, and to send the same, if possible, into every family of the State.
- 9th. To give rewards to persons, such as authors, teachers, inventors, police officers, drivers, teamsters, butchers, farm servants, etc., who shall be distinguished for humanity towards animals, or for efforts to improve their condition and to prevent cruelty to them.

By so doing, to abolish from this Commonwealth, *cruel beating, overloading, overdriving, overworking, starving, or abandoning to starve, working old, sick or maimed animals unfit for labor, the plucking of live fowls, cruel methods of butchering, shearing of sheep sent to market in early spring, cruel methods of transportation, unnecessary dissections of living animals, and all other forms of cruelty which now are or may hereafter be practised in this State.*

All sums of money may be sent to or left with the Secretary or Agent of the Society, or their sub-agents. Certificates of membership or receipts will be given, bearing the seal of the Society and signed by the President or Treasurer, and the names of donors will be published in the next issue of this paper.

All persons not receiving their certificates of membership or receipts, are requested to notify the President of the same.

MEMBERSHIP.

Active Life Members are constituted by the payment of	\$100 00
Active Annual Members are constituted by the payment of	10 00
Associate Life Members are constituted by the payment of	50 00
Associate Annual Members are constituted by the payment of	5 00
Patrons are those who yearly pay not less than	1 00

For all money paid to canvassers for this paper, or sent to the Secretary, receipts will be forwarded with the next number of the paper.

A Thoughtful Wife.

A friend says he has a dear, loving little wife, and an excellent house-keeper. On her birthday she moved her low rocking-chair close to side. He was reading. She placed her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly toward his coat collar. He felt nice all over. He certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature!—an angel! She moved her hand up and down his coat-sleeve: "Husband," said she. "What, my dear?" "I was just thinking—" "Was you, my love?" "I was just thinking how nicely this suit of clothes you have on would work into a rag carpet." He says he felt cross all day, the disappointment was so very great.

A HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER.—Up the hill, whip me not; down the hill, hurry me not; in the stable, forget me not; of hay and corn, rob me not; of clean water, stint me not; with sponge and brush, neglect me not; of soft dry bed, deprive me not; if sick or cold, chill me not; with bit and reins, oh! jerk me not; and when you are angry, strike me not.

e to

for
ment
e to

and

l be

tion

tions

isting
t of
d the

uors,
ters,
stin-
forts
y to

alth,
king,
k or
live
heep
rans-
nals,
may

n the
ents.
iven,
the
will

mem-
resi-

0 00

0 00

0 00

5 00

1 00

er, or
with

and
r she
e was
ingly
coat
ected
ngel!
eeever
t was
I was
have
e felt
reat.

p the
t; in
bb me
e and
e me
reins,
ce me